



JINGLES FOR THE ALUMINUM DRIVE

I had a little stewpan—
It set me back a deuce;
I'm sending it to Knudsen
To help cook Hitler's goose.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had a lot of skillets
And needed only two.

She gave 'em to her country:
Thus from a single shoe
Will come a boot that's certain
To knock out you-know-who.

Mary had a frying pan,
A kettle and a pot;



But very seldom used 'em for
She ate outside a lot.

She gave them for the land's
defense—
Now when a bomber wings
Its way o'erhead she claps her
hands
And cries, "There go my things!"

Jack and Jill went up a hill,
But when they saw their bucket
Was partly of aluminum
To Uncle Sam they "tuck it."

I had a cocktail shaker
For which I had much use
And, oh, the deadly wallop
That shaker could produce!

But now it's joined the army—
It's in the flying corps;
If ever it hits Adolf
He'll know that war is war.

Little percolator,
You feel cheap, I bet
Doing very little
In the kitchenette.

You could be a weapon
For the U. S. A.
'Stead of making coffee
Once or twice a day.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To check on her pots and pans;
The aluminum ones
She knew were like guns
In helping defensive plans.

Frying pan, frying pan,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
And back again;
I'm part of a bomber
That flies o'er the sea . . .
Who ever'd have thought that
Could happen to me!

Yoo hoo, mistress,
Have you any pots?
Yes sir, yes sir,
I have lots.

One for Benito
And others for Fritz—
And, boy, am I hoping
They score perfect hits!

CONCLUSION
I've seen the hats the ladies will
Be asked to wear this fall;
Milady will look twice as bad
As last year, all in all.

Add Characterizations: He was
so fast and slippery that if you
wanted to snap his photo you would
have to give a stimulant to a speed
camera.

We know a nightclub proprietor
who is very happy in the conviction
that he won't have to make any in-
come tax payments next year. He
thinks the law against joint returns
is sure to pass.

A Census bureau report says that
there are more men per woman out
West than in the East. On the other
hand, the impression may just be
due to the fact that out West the
craze for slacks hasn't gone so far.

VERSES FOR NURSES
They take your pulse and look so
formal;
They wonder why it isn't normal;
They say my temp is like a fire . . .
I'm puzzled that it isn't higher.

Theills of body brought me here,
But now my heart is acting queer;
It only slips one beat in three . . .
That's what these nurses do to me!

—Wallace Cox.

Advertising offer by the Nazis to
the small nations: Why Do the Dirty
Work? Let Us Cut Your Throat for
You.

American newspaper correspond-
ents are being expelled almost daily
from Italy. It seems they are guilty
of telling the truth.

Benito says Italy has really been
at war 19 years. It only seems that
long.

VACATION REFLECTION
There is nothing in life
Left more to chance
Than the continuance of
A shore romance.

—Beatrice.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA

She's No Bird

By RUBE GOLDBERG



MESCAL IKE

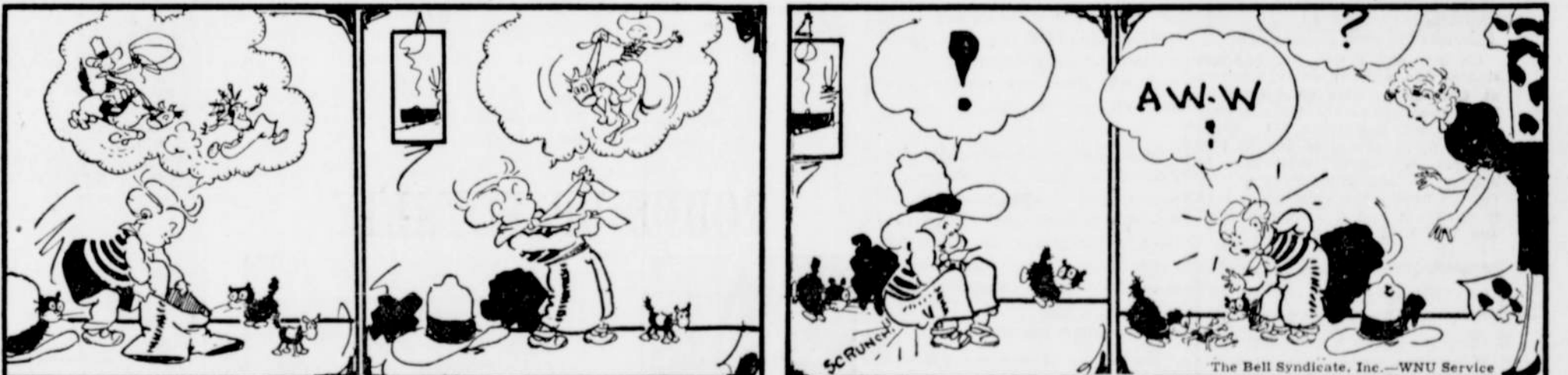
By S. L. HUNTLEY

Some People Ask Such Silly Things



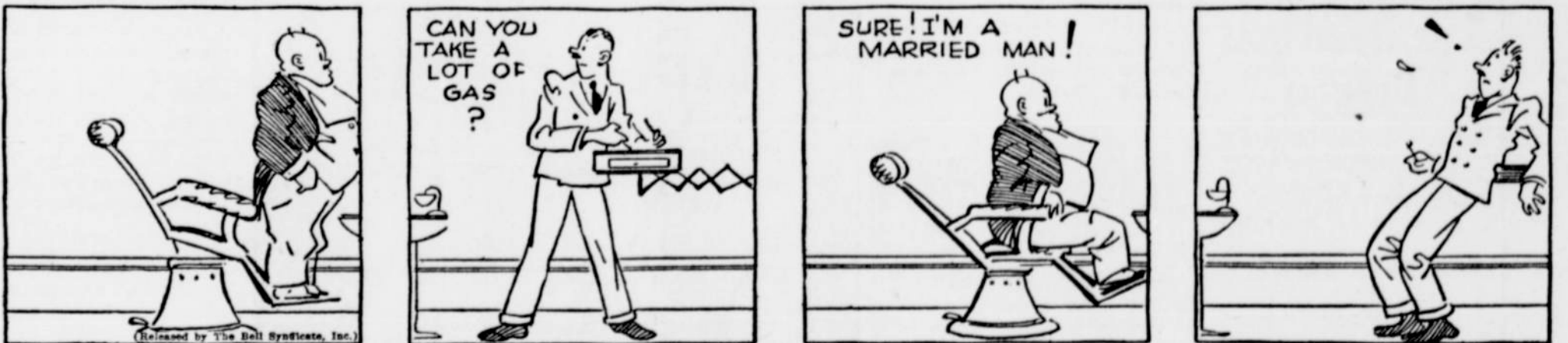
'SMATTER POP— Ride Him, Cowboy—Whoa!

By C. M. PAYNE

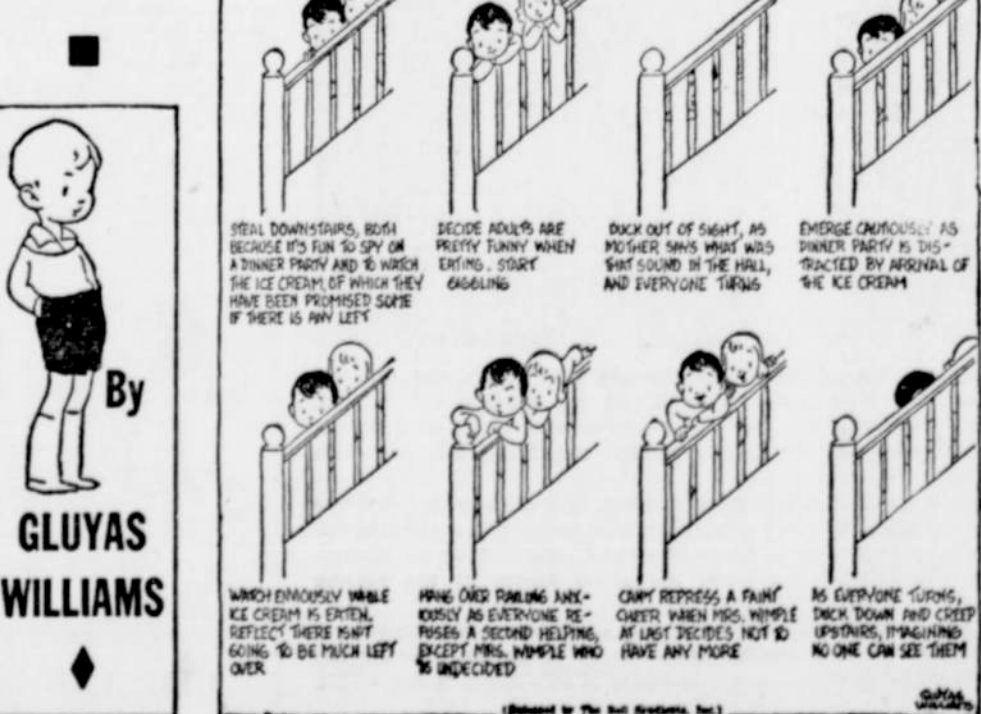


POP—Quite Used to It!

By J. MILLAR WATT



KIBITZERS



THE SPORTING THING

